March 6 - 1917.

Mah Honey bunch: —

Honest and truly, black and blue, ah shouldn't be writing you this evening, cause ah didn't get no letter to-day — nope — ah didn't! But you know what ah did? ah simply pulled out your big letter from yesterday and made it last four ~~two~~ days. Just read it over for the dozenth time. Whats a matter Joe? Hasn't you lose your honey — no mash? no mash??????

about 1500. You are going to do the best you can, within reason — more than that no one can do. But I must say Mr. Lehmann sure fine — he, at least, has a heart within him, and I know I like him already because he is so good to you.

Now, that is all I must write to-night! Because of the reasons previously stated — the offender was guilty of a severe and serious crime — namely of not writing — and he deserves no more leniency, nope! The offender is to be placed

Joe, do you still feel so lonesome? oh dear, I do too! Do you think we are going to get accustomed to it, or is it to become worse? Lonesomeness is a fierce feeling to adapt one self to — isn't it? Tell me, Joe, what can I do to make you feel less lonesome, I don't want you to feel so — really — and I ~~want~~ to help you in I can — for is almost breaking my heart. I want you and want you ~~see that~~ you must have a little recreation and a little fun. Joe, this is absolutely necessary — and remember — your promise. never mind

a parol! (Is that right?).

Joe, dear did you mail my picture - or rather your's? If you haven't - don't forget to do it immediately.

Goodnight, Joe, and here's a whopper of a big kiss for you from your loving

Frances.

P.S. Expect to have supper at your house Thursday Evening. No Joe to take me home - so I coaxed mom dear in to letting Nell come with me. Of course Rose had invited Nell too - so it makes it real nice.